

FIRST DEBUTANTE TEA OF SEASON IS DISCUSSED BY NANCY WYNNE

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Eldon Graham Will Give Large Tea and Dinner-Dance Today to Introduce Their Daughter, Miss Lorraine Graham

WELL, certainly one of the most attractive buds of the season will be introduced this afternoon out in Devon when Lorraine Graham, or, better, Lorraine Goodrich Graham, will make her first formal bow to society at a large tea which her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Eldon Graham, will give. Lorraine, who very much resembles her mother, is tall, slender and graceful. Her dark brown hair has a beautiful natural wave and her eyes, though not perfectly brown (they really are hazel with golden glints), give the impression of brown, which together with a vivid coloring is a most attractive combination, you will admit. A charming set of debbies will receive with Lorraine this afternoon. There will be Patty Borie. Isn't it an attractive name? She was named for her paternal grandmother, you know. She was Miss Patty Neill and is one of the sweetest women of that older generation. Besides Patty Borie, Betty Breck will receive and Nancy Cooke, Violet Welch, Mary Brooke, Sophie Baker, Katharine Hancock, Lois Jackson, Katharine Lee, Bessie McMichael and Betty Miller. So there will be a galaxy of beauty and grace for the admiring elders to gaze upon.

There will be a dinner-dance in the evening for the receiving party and several additional girls and men of the younger set. The small boys were having a fearful time last week getting ready for their year at St. Paul's. They have to wear derby hats you know, and though the New York boys are used to such apparel at the age of ten and twelve, so far, fortunately, most Philadelphia matrons very sensibly dress their sons as boys and not caricatures, so it requires some time to get ready for boarding school you see. Sam Gilbert and Edward Starr, from along the Reading way, are going, in fact Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert are going up the first of this week to take Sam with them. It's good that all the boys at St. Paul's wear these derbies, isn't it? I'll never forget what happened to the small son of a well-known matron here who several years ago decided, on returning from London, that sonny should wear an eon suit and derby hat. Well, sonny was sent to Sunday school "all dressed up like a sore finger," and during class the other boys only looked, but afterward, oh! afterward; the sweet young thing who was conducting the class heard fearful hoots and yells outside the window and, looking out, she saw a fighting, struggling heap of arms, legs, heads and boys and underneath it all was a fragment of derby hat. By the door stood the poor little owner, weeping. He was just as disgusted with that hat as any of the others were, but he had to go home and tell it had been ruthlessly torn from his willing head and smashed, and glad though he was he knew his story would not be well received. Childish tragedies are very great, you know, and a small boy's heart is a poor thing to handle roughly.

The Women Writers' Club gave its much-talked-of pantomime movie, "The Love Germ," last night, and it was some scream, let me tell you, from start to finish. Out of the seven members of the club who took part only two were allowed to remain of their own sex. The five others made most attractive men, I assure you, and from the opening scene at the boarding house table to the grand finale, which was supposed to be a soul kiss of many feet of film, the audience was in one continual shriek. How young America does hate to be "left out" of things. One day last week the small brother of an acquaintance of mine in Germantown happened to overhear one of his sisters declare she knew the "up" trains from the "down" trains, and five-year-old Tommy, determined not to be out of the conversation, piped up, "Oh, yes, I can always tell the 'up' and 'down' trains, too!" Sister asked, "Why, how can you tell them, Tommy?" Rather disconcerted over having his bluff called, the young man, however, answered bravely, "Why, the 'up' train is 'Upsal' and the down train is—here his little voice trailed off into space."

Personals

At the marriage of Miss Jeannette Drysdale Lee, daughter of Mrs. J. Drysdale Lee, of the St. James Annex, and Mr. W. Alton Burpee, which will take place on Wednesday, November 1, in St. James Protestant Episcopal Church, Miss Lee will be attended by Mrs. Frank Croser Knowles as matron of honor. Mr. Burpee will have his brother, Mr. Donald Burpee, as best man, and as ushers will be Mr. John Earle, Mr. Frank Croser Knowles, Mr. W. H. Derbyshire, Jr., of this city; Mr. Frets Derby and Mr. Edward Broadfield, of New York, and Baron von Wullerstorff. Owing to a recent death in Mr. Burpee's family the reception will be for the immediate families and a very few intimate friends.

At the marriage of Miss Helen Carlisle Van Dusen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Van Dusen, of 913 North Street, and Mr. Arthur Norton Goodfellow, of Gross Pointe, Mich., which will take place on Saturday, October 21, at 4 o'clock, the maid of honor will be Miss Katharine Fitzley Van Dusen and the matron of honor Mrs. Andrew McCown. The bridesmaids will include Miss Marian Field Sharpless, Miss Anita Watson, Miss Charlotte Farrar, Miss Mabel Whitely, of Baltimore; Miss Elizabeth Woodwell, of Pittsburgh, and Miss Elizabeth Vesin, of New York.

noon, October 18, and Mrs. Andrew McCown will give a bridge party on Thursday afternoon, October 19, in honor of the bride and her attendants.

Captain Lindsey Costes Herkness, corps of engineers of the United States Army, who sailed from Yokohama, Japan, on September 18 on the R. M. S. Empress of Russia, arrived here Friday to spend the winter months in Philadelphia with their small son, Lindley Costes Herkness. Mr. Herkness has her mother, Mrs. Charles F. La Lanne, as her guest for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Wents, of the Orchard Washington lane, Chelton Hills, Pa., motored here last week and was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Henry Pease, at 2307 De Lancey place.

A wedding of interest to many Philadelphians that will take place in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., the end of October will be that of Miss Jean McClintock Guthrie, of Wilkes-Barre, and Mr. Joseph Swain, of this city and Bristol.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson Robinson, of Aberdeen, Md., will give a reception this afternoon at their home in honor of Miss Eleanor L. Duval, whose marriage to Lieutenant Richard H. Tebbe, U. S. M. C., was solemnized in St. Mary's Church, Wayne, tomorrow.

Miss Mary Ker Christian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Addison A. Christian, gave a luncheon yesterday in honor of Miss Minnie Bradford Endicott, whose marriage to Mr. Guy Slag Baser will take place tomorrow in Merion. Miss Anna Endicott and Miss Lily Endicott entertained informally at a dinner-dance on Saturday night.

Mrs. Charles C. Orme, of the Belgravia, Atlantic City, has returned to town.

At the wedding of Miss Julia Marie Coyle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Coyle, of 911 North 11th street, Overbrook, and Mr. Charles McEllan Town, which will take place on Thursday morning, October 12, at 10 o'clock, with a nuptial mass in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Overbrook, the maid of honor will be Miss Margaret M. Coyle, a sister of the bride, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Fita T. McDewitt, Miss Catherine Crook, of Girardville, Pa.; Miss Elizabeth P. Town, a cousin of the bridegroom, and Miss Mary M. Coyle, a cousin of the bride. The little flower girl will be Miss Mary M. Gallagher and Miss Corita Mastack.

Mr. Town will have Dr. J. Francis Messmer, of New York, as best man, and his ushers will include his brother, Mr. Theodore Town, his cousin, Mr. Frank T. Town and Mr. Joseph D. Town; Mr. George A. Duffy, Mr. William Carroll Mastack, Jr., of Trenton, and Mr. Frank J. Reilly.

The Players' Club of Swarthmore had the first meeting of the season last night in the Women's Clubhouse, Swarthmore. The program included selections from "Pinafore" under the direction of Mr. John Dolman, and a play, "A Happy Pair," by S. Theysie Smith, under the direction of Mr. Joseph J. Gould, Jr. The players were Mr. E. Morris Smith and Miss Carol B. Schatte.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Sheip and their family have returned to Wyncote from Beach Haven, N. J., where they have been occupying their cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheip have issued invitations for luncheon on Saturday, October 7, at 10 o'clock in honor of their daughter, Miss Amelia Sheip.

Miss Isabel Vandervelde is occupying her bungalow at Ventnor, N. J., for several months. Miss Vandervelde has her sister, Mrs. Miss E. Blanche Barton, to Mr. Frederick G. Higham, of Germantown.

Mrs. W. O. Hempstead, Sr., who spent the month of September with Mrs. Edward Brill at her cottage at Ventnor, has returned to her home, 4942 Walnut street.

The engagement of Miss Rose D. Leaf, of 1709 North Franklin street, and Dr. Louis Edelman, of Mobile, Ala., is announced today. The wedding will take place on Sunday, October 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Davis are now occupying their apartments at the Rittenhouse, having recently returned from spending the summer at Spring Lake.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

I WANT MORE LETTERS My Dears—I get more letters from children than any person in the world, BUT I am not satisfied. Inside of me is an URGE (you know what it means when mother has to URGE you to do something) which is always saying, "Do more! Do more! The children need you!"

This appeal will WORRY you until you DO write to me. See if it doesn't. Is there any harm in trying to teach thousands of children to THINK STRAIGHT? Remember this: There can be no misunderstanding between those who are trying to do what is RIGHT.

What am I doing? Simply trying to help you to THINK STRAIGHT by bringing kindness, gentleness, happiness and sunshine into your lives. Tell me! I merely suggest. If I ever ADVISE you to do anything it is a slip of the pen. Forgive me.

I SUGGEST you think straight; and one way for me to tell whether you are thinking straight is for you to write me a letter—NOW. First, attract my attention. Second, tell me you like our club and why; or, tell me you do not like it and WHY. Third, tell me what YOU would do if you were the editor and founder of our wonderful club.

Fourth and last, make me do something, if it is only REMEMBER you. Write me such a letter that I will just HAVE TO sit down and write you. If you only know how it makes my big heart go "pit-a-pat" when I get a big mail I am sure you would sit down and write to me. A postal will do it. Your true friend, FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

Our Postoffice Box Listen to this happy scheme that comes from the mind of Marion Mills, of Haddonfield, N. J.: "I have a little room up in the attic that I fixed up for myself and I call it my 'Rainbow Room.' I have all my Rainbow letters up there and I have pictures hung all over the walls. It is very nice and quiet up here, that's where I am writing now." The only addition that we can suggest for the "Rainbow Room" is a "Rainbow Scrap Book." What fun it would be on a rainy day to take a few little friends upstairs and let them read Club News to their hearts' content!

A Riddle Why is a dog's tail the greatest curiosity in the world? Leonard Bailey, Addison street.



MISS LORRAINE GOODRICH GRAHAM

Miss Graham, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Eldon Graham will be presented to society this afternoon at a tea to be given by her parents at their home in Devon.

IMPORTANT WEDDING TODAY IN TORRESDALE

Miss Mae Duross Patterson is Married to Mr. Spencer Downing

The wedding of Miss Mae Duross Patterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Patterson, of Torresdale, and Mr. Spencer Downing took place today at noon at the home of the bride's parents, Red Lion road. Owing to the recent death of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Jonathan P. Patterson, only the immediate families were present.

BECHTEL-PATCHETT The marriage of Miss Gladys Patchett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bechtel, of Roxborough, and Mr. Alfred Bechtel, of Haddonfield, Ohio, took place last evening in St. Timothy's Church, Roxborough. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Halsey, rector of the church, and was followed by a breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, 5411 Ridge avenue, New York, after December 1.

ORMOND-SIMMONS Miss Charlotte Hepburn Simmons, of Brooklyn, this afternoon became the wife of Dr. John Kelso Ormond, of Overbrook, was conducted by the Rev. William Y. Kelley, D. D., of New York, at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. Harry Blair Gill, 6427 Sheppard road, Overbrook.

Judge Rosalsky's Uncle Exiled to Siberia NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The eighty-five-year-old uncle of Judge Otto Rosalsky, of the Court of Special Sessions, has been sentenced by the Russian Government to life-long exile in Siberia on the charge of aiding the Germans.

FRESHMEN CO-EDS MUST WEAR HAIR UP

One of Many Rules Laid Down in University of Pennsylvania Class Bible

The fair freshmen co-eds at the University of Pennsylvania will have a hard time the next few weeks. Their new bible, out today under the title of "Data and Don'ts," is a book of regulations, hints and suggestions, infringement of any one of which will mean a fine of three cents.

Freshmen co-eds must wear none other than green hair ribbons, the book says, and they must not wear their "golden" hair hanging down their backs. They must wear their hats on the campus and address all other upper-class girls as "Miss." Walking with arms linked is tabooed for freshmen and they must invariably hold a door open so that their betters may pass.

HALLOWEEN PARADE OF CAMDEN MUMMERS Business Men Back Project. Plan to Make It Annual Event

Camden will have a mummers' parade on Halloween. Plans are under way to make it a pacemaker for an annual event. All organizations in Camden are eligible to participate, and, by way of assuring good results, prizes will be offered by the city.

The parade will form at Broadway and Market streets and proceed over the following route: Market to Second street, to Federal, to Broadway, to Newton avenue, to the courthouse and disband. It is expected there will be several thousand marchers in line. There will also be many floats depicting the fads and follies of Camden.

GIRL WOULD SAVE MOTHER FROM WANT BY MARRYING "Last Resort," Says Pretty New York Girl

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—To save her aged and sickly mother from the poorhouse or starvation, twenty-year-old Clara H. Bischoff, a strikingly pretty young woman, appealed to the newspapers to aid her in the search for a husband.

COLLEGE CLUB'S FIRST TEA Second Affair to Be Held Next Monday

With the coming of fall days the various women's clubs of the city are resuming activities. The first tea of the season was held yesterday afternoon, from 4 until 6 o'clock, at the College Club, 1309 Spruce street.

England Blocks Red Cross Relief WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—The British Government has blocked temporarily the plan of the American Red Cross to re-advance since he scrutinized them where he fought with the devilish, Iris who expatiated on the long days of ceaseless toil, his dauntless courage in the face of every difficulty, the way in which he rescued her from the clutch of the savages, the skill of his preparations against the anticipated attack, and the last great achievement of all, when, time after time, he foiled the Dyaks' best-laid plans and flung them off, crippled and disheartened, during the many phases of the thirty hours' battle.



The WINGS of the MORNING By Louis Tracy

CHAPTER XVI—(Continued) "Yes, it's quite true. I interfered with his little games, and he gave me the usual reward of the devil's apothecary. Leave Iris alone. At present she is strung up to an intense pitch of gratitude, having barely escaped a terrible fate. Let her come back to the normal. Anstruther's shady record must gradually leak out. That will distress her. In a week she will appeal to you by his help. He is hard up—cut off by his people and that sort of thing. There you have the measure of his scheming. He knows quite well that he can never marry your daughter. It is all a matter of price."

Lord Ventnor played his cards with a deeper design. He bowed to the inevitable. Iris said she loved his rival. Very well. To attempt to dissuade her was to throw her more closely into that rival's arms. The right course was to appear resigned, sad, and to let the facts speak for themselves. The distressing truth, further, he counted on Anstruther's quick temper as an active agent. Such a man would be the first to rebel against an assumption of pitying tolerance. He would bring bitter charges of conspiracy, of unbelievable compact to secure his ruin. All this must recoil on his own head when the facts were laid bare.

In a word, Lord Ventnor was most profoundly annoyed, and he cursed Anstruther from the depths of his heart. But he could see a way out. The more desperate the emergency the more need to display finesse. Above all, he must avoid an immediate rupture. He came ashore with Iris and her father; the captain of the Orient also joined the party. The three men watched Robert and the girl walking toward them from the group of officers.

"Anstruther is a smart-looking fellow," commented Captain Fitzroy. "Who is he?" "Truth to tell, the gallant commander of the Orient was secretly amazed by the metamorphosis effected in Robert's appearance since he scrutinized him through his glasses. Iris too, unaccustomed to the constraint of high-heeled shoes, clung to the nondescript's arm in a manner that shook the sailor's faith in Lord Ventnor's pretensions as her favored suitor.

"Poor Iris Arthur said not a word, but his lordship was quite at ease—" "From his name, and from what Deane tells me, I believe he is an ex-officer of the Indian Army." "Ah. He left the service?" "Yes. I met him last in Hongkong." "Then you know him?" "Quite well, if he is the man I imagine."

"That is really very nice of Ventnor," thought the shipowner. "The last thing I should credit him with would be a forgiving disposition."

Meanwhile Anstruther was reading Iris a little lecture. "Sweet one," he explained to her, "do not allude to me by my former rank. I am not entitled to it. Some day, please God, it will be restored to me. At present I am a plain civilian."

"I think you very handsome." "Don't tease, there's a good girl. It is not fair with all these people looking." "But really, Robert, only since you scraped off the upper crust have I been able to recognize you again. I remember now that I thought you were a most distinguished-looking steward."

"Just a personal whim. It will please me." "If it pleases you, Robert, I am satisfied." He pressed her arm by way of answer. They were too near to the waiting trio for their comment.

"Captain Fitzroy," cried Iris, "let me introduce Mr. Anstruther to you. Lord Ventnor, you have met Mr. Anstruther before."

"The sailor shook hands. Lord Ventnor smiled affably. "Your enforced residence on the island seems to have agreed with you," he said. "Admirably. Life here had its drawbacks, but we fought our enemies in the open. Didn't we, Iris?" "Yes, dear. The poor Dyaks were not sufficiently modernized to attack us with false testimony."

"His lordship's sallow face wrinkled somewhat. So Iris knew of the court-martial, nor was she afraid to proclaim to all the world that this man was her lover. As for Captain Fitzroy, his bushy eyebrows disappeared into his peaked cap when he heard this manner of their speech. Nevertheless, Ventnor smiled again. "Even the Dyaks respected Miss Deane," he said.

But Anstruther, sorry for the manifest uneasiness of the shipowner, repressed the retort on his lips, and forthwith suggested that they should walk to the north beach in the first instance, that being the scene of the wreck. During the next hour he became auditor rather than narrator. It was Iris who told of his wild fight against wind and waves, Iris who showed them where he fought with the devilish, Iris who expatiated on the long days of ceaseless toil, his dauntless courage in the face of every difficulty, the way in which he rescued her from the clutch of the savages, the skill of his preparations against the anticipated attack, and the last great achievement of all, when, time after time, he foiled the Dyaks' best-laid plans and flung them off, crippled and disheartened, during the many phases of the thirty hours' battle.

She had an attentive audience. Most of the Orient's officers quietly came up and followed the girl's glowing recital with breathless interest. Robert vainly endeavored more than once to laugh away her thrilling eulogy. But she would have none of it. Her heart was in her words. He deserved this tribute of praise, unattained, unmeasured, abundant in its simple truth, yet sounding like a legend again by some romantic poet, were not the grin evidence of its accuracy visible on every hand. She was so volubly clear, so precise in fact, so subtle in her clever delineation of humorous or tragic events, that her father was astounded, and even Anstruther silently admitted that a man might live until he counted the years of a Biblical patriarch without discovering all the resources of a woman.

There were tears in her eyes when she ended; but they were tears of thankful hap-



Power in spurts? That force serves motorists best which comes nearest being absolutely constant

Puff! Ping! Spasmodic, jarring explosions of gas are apt to be about as wasteful of good power as are intermittent geysers. To smooth the pulsations of the automobile motor down to uniform, continuous, drive-ahead force—that has been a great problem in motor engineering. Solved—by Packard engineers. Proved—by more than 8000 Twin-six owners.

Ask the man who owns one. Packard Motor Car Co. of Philadelphia, 319 N. Broad Street. Also Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Lancaster, Reading, Trenton, Williamsport and Wilmington



Things to Know and Do What is the difference between a small boy and a large man slaving?

A Good Little Girl My FANNY COHEN, 8 4th St. A good little girl does her lessons and says, A good little girl has manners at play. A good little girl is happy and much loved. A good little girl is busy and